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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5G

EPISODE ONE: 'The Creature From the Pit'

by

David Fisher

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DS

"DOCTOR WHO"

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TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM: Opening  
Titles:

END TELECINE 1.

TELECINE 2:Ext. Platform by Pit.

We see an unfortunate  
ENGINEER being lead  
onto the platform by  
TWO GUARDS.

ADRASTA and KARELA  
look on. ADRASTA  
indicates that the  
gong is to be struck.  
(Or the horn blown)

Sound of strange  
sounds from the pit.

ADRASTA or KARELA  
look over the edge.

We see below them -  
the edge of something  
vague, blob-shaped  
and vast.

ADRASTA indicates to  
her GUARDS that they  
should hurl the  
VICTIM-ENGINEER into  
the pit.

The GUARDS do so.

We see the VICTIM-  
ENGINEER in flight  
down to the creature.

END TELECINE 2.

1. INT. TARDIS.

(THE DOCTOR IS SQUATTING IN A CORNER READING A BOOK LYING ON THE FLOOR. TO BEGIN WITH WE DON'T SEE THE BOOK OR REALIZE WHAT HE IS DOING.

ENTER ROMANA DRAGGING A BOX PILED HIGH WITH VARIOUS PIECES OF JUNK - AN OLD CAMERA, A SAXOPHONE, THE JAWBONE OF SOMETHING LARGE, AN ARTIFICIAL PLANT, SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A RADIO RECEIVER OF SORTS, ETC. SHE IS FOLLOWED BY K9)

ROMANA: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Mm.

ROMANA: Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Mm.

ROMANA: I've been cleaning out Number Four hold. You've got an awful lot of junk there.

THE DOCTOR: (NOT LOOKING UP) Shhh! Something terribly exciting is about to happen.



ROMANA: Oh really? What?

THE DOCTOR: (VERY EXCITED) Mr. McGregor!

ROMANA: Who?

THE DOCTOR: Mr. McGregor! He's chasing Peter Rabbit. (REACTING)  
Did you say junk? I don't carry junk.

ROMANA: What do you call this lot then?

THE DOCTOR: That isn't just junk! That's extremely valuable equipment!

ROMANA: An old ball of string?

(SHE HOLDS ONE UP.

IT HAS A LABEL  
ATTACHED TO IT  
WHICH SHE READS)

"To the Doctor, a souvenir, with love and thanks for all the help with the Minotaur. (PUZZLED) Theseus and Ariadne."

THE DOCTOR: The wretches! If I hadn't produced that ball of string to find our way out of the labyrinth with they were going to unravel my scarf!

(ROMANA: REACTION)

ROMANA: Alright, but what can you possibly do with the old jawbone of an ass?

THE DOCTOR: Oooh, stew it up for soup? Use it as a door stop? Bop an army of two thousand Philistines?

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: That jawbone's been about a bit you know.

(ROMANA HOLDS UP SOMETHING LIKE A RADIO WITH A DETECTOR ON TOP)

ROMANA: So, what's this?

THE DOCTOR: That? Oh that's just a useless bit of junk.

K9: A mark three emergency transceiver Mistress.

ROMANA: You mean it's part of the Tardis?

K9: Correct, mistress.

ROMANA: Why isn't it plugged in then? ... Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Doesn't work.

K9: Incorrect, master. The Transceiver is fully operative.

THE DOCTOR: (TO ROMANA) Yes, but it was an awful nuisance. I kept getting calls all the time. From Gallifray. Would I do this. Would I not forget to do so-and-so. Such a bore.

ROMANA: That's what it's for.

THE DOCTOR: To bore?

ROMANA: (FIRMLY) To receive and send distress calls ...

(SHE PLUGS IN THE  
TRANSCIEVER)

THE DOCTOR: I was never in distress. Well, not very often. Not what you'd call often.

(K9 SWITCHES ON.

SUDDENLY THE TARDIS  
IS FILLED WITH A  
LOUD, SCREECHING  
BABBLE OF NOISE -  
LIKE SOMETHING NON-  
HUMAN BABBLING AWAY)

Switch it off. Switch it off.

(ROMANA AND THE DOCTOR  
PUT THEIR HANDS OVER  
THEIR EARS.

LIGHTS FLASH ON AND  
OFF INSIDE THE TARDIS.  
THE MACHINE TILTS AT  
AN ANGLE.

THE TARDIS COMES TO  
REST. THE NOISE IS  
STILL THERE - UNTIL  
THE DOCTOR MANAGES  
TO SWITCH OFF THE  
RECEIVER)

That's better. If there's one thing that irritates me it's fiddly bits of new fangled equipment. The thing's never worked properly.

K9: Inaccurate, Master. The transceiver has never been used properly before.

THE DOCTOR: Well, there must be a fault in it then. That was no distress signal... (TO K9) ... was it? ... well?

K9: Insufficient data, master. But there is no fault in the equipment.

THE DOCTOR: Delighted to hear it ... (RISING) ... We've landed anyway. Where are we? Does anyone know? ...

(HE SWITCHES ON THE  
SCANNER.

C.U. SCANNER.

WE SEE A GREAT  
CURVE SHAPE)

ROMANA: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: I don't know. Let's find out shall we?

TELECINE 3:Ext. Day.

The Tardis stands in a clearing in a very green and luxuriant wood.

It stands in the middle of what looks like half a giant, broken egg shell.

THE DOCTOR is already excitedly examining the half egg shell.

ROMANA exits and looks round.

ROMANA: It's a beautiful planet isn't it? So green. Trees everywhere. (PAUSES) Bit overgrown in fact.

THE DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF) Extraordinary. Quite extraordinary.

ROMANA: What is? What is that thi

THE DOCTOR: An egg.

ROMANA: (AMAZED) An egg!

THE DOCTOR: Well, part of the shell anyway. I can't see the other half

ROMANA: It's huge. What kind of bird laid that?

THE DOCTOR: If it was a bird.

ROMANA: What do you think it was then?

THE DOCTOR: Don't know. It's semi metallic. And - wait a minute ...

ROMANA: Metallic. You mean metal birds laying metal eggs?

THE DOCTOR: It's alive.

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: The shell.

ROMANA: Don't be ridiculous!

THE DOCTOR: Can't you hear it?

We hear the same very faint babble of noise - a speeded-up, quieter version of the noise that came out of the transceiver in the Tardis.

ROMANA: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: It's the same noise we heard in the Tardis.

ROMANA: There must be a transmitter somewhere.

THE DOCTOR: In an egg shell?

ROMANA: Well, somewhere nearby ther It stands to reason.

ROIANA moves out of sight round the shell.

THE DOCTOR takes an electronic device from his pocket and puts it against the shell. The device lights up.

THE DOCTOR casually - while testing the shell:

THE DOCTOR: That's a stupid expression, isn't it? I mean, what stands to reason? Why doesn't it lie down to reason? I always do. Much easier to reason lying down. Relaxes the cerebellum. No, it's definitely the shell that's the transmitter. Wonder what it's transmitting. And who it's transmitting to. Whatever laid the egg, I suppose. That isn't a particularly pleasant thought is it?

While THE DOCTOR is checking the shell, we hear a rustling sound.

He looks round. A thing - about three foot round - that looks like a tumbleweed is behind him. He goes back to his examination of the shell.

THE DOCTOR: Extraordinary material. It looks as if it's been woven.

There is more rustling.

THE DOCTOR turns round again.

TELECINE 3: (cont)

Now another Tumbleweed  
(Wolf weed) has appeared.  
THE DOCTOR turns back to  
his study of the shell.

More rustling.

THE DOCTOR turns round -  
to find about four Wolf  
weeds gathered behind  
him. One weed floats  
across the clearing and  
attaches itself to his  
arm.

THE DOCTOR tries  
to pull off the  
weed and pricks his  
finger on it.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Doh ... That's  
sharp ...

The other weeds also  
attach themselves  
to him.

THE DOCTOR: Romana ... Romana ...

He makes his way round  
the shell with  
difficulty. The weeds  
hang onto him.

THE DOCTOR: ... Romana. Get this  
thing off me ... (cont....)

THE DOCTOR moves round  
the outside of the  
shell - and comes face  
to face with a UNIFORMED  
FIGURE carrying a shield  
and a serrated sword.



The sword is wooden,  
Munich-style (i.e.  
about five foot long),  
and has the way edge  
of a Kris.

The uniform consists  
of a metal skull cap,  
to which are attached  
flaps of leather, a leather  
doublet and leather  
high boots.

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Oh ... Er -  
hello ... Have you seen my assistant?  
(CALLING)... Romana! Romana! ...  
(SPEAKING) ... Obviously not. I  
won't bother you then ...

He turns away from  
the first FIGURE -  
only to come face to  
face with ANOTHER  
(OLDIER)

THE DOCTOR: ... Can you get these  
things off?

leather clad  
HUNTSMAN approaches.  
He carries a whip  
which he cracks at  
the weeds, which  
release THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you. What are  
those things?

HUNTSMAN: Kill him.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, and just when we were getting on so well.

As one of the SOLDIERS raises his huge sword.

THE DOCTOR: ... Can't we talk this over? Look, I don't want to stand on protocol or anything like that - but couldn't you at least do the done thing and take me to your leader?

WOMAN'S VOICE: (OFF) Wait.

KARELA, a woman in her 30s or 40s, in a long dress.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, are you in charge around here?

KARELA: I am.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you for saving my life. I'm the Doctor. What are those things by the way?

KARELA: Wolf weeds.

THE DOCTOR: Weeds? You mean weed-type weeds? Plants?

KARELA: Of course. Specially grown in the Lady Arrasta's nurseries.

THE DOCTOR: Good lord. If I were you I'd try and get her interested in geraniums before it's too late.

KARELA: What are you doing in the place of Death?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, just pottering about. Um, why do you call it the Place of Death exactly?

KARELA: Because anyone found here is automatically condemned to death.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, is that so? I'm fascinated by place names. Oh, I trust you'll be making an exception in our case?

KARELA: (POINTING TO TARDIS) Your Commander says this is yours.

THE DOCTOR: My Commander?

KARELA indicates ROMANA who is being held by another SOLDIER.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, of course - my Commander.

ROMANA shrugs.

KARELA: (INDICATING TARDIS) What is it?

THE DOCTOR: It's - it's-a bit tricky to explain actually.

KARELA: (FIRMLY) What does it do?

THE DOCTOR: It travels. We travel in it ... Look, let me show you ...

He moves to the Tardis.

KARELA: (TO THE GUARDS) Secure him

TWO GUARDS seize THE DOCTOR while a third produces a Huge, wooden yoke and places it round THE DOCTOR'S necks and locks it. There are two straps for THE DOCTOR'S hands.

KARELA: Travels? How? It's got n wheels. I hope you're not lying, Doctor? My Lady Adrasta will want to question you.-

THE DOCTOR: There's no need to go to all this trouble, you know. I mean she just has to make an appointment.

THE wolf weeds are moving uneasily. The HUNTSMAN goes to MADAM KARELA.

HUNTSMAN: Madam, the wolf weeds sense danger.

KARELA: We move out. Bring the woman.

ext. Wood. Day.

MOTS of KARELA riding a  
pony.

Behind KARELA come some  
SOLDIERS and ROMANA  
on another 'pony' with  
THE DOCTOR walking  
along beside her.

The pack of wolf weeds roll  
along in the rear.

In the foreground of  
the SHOT we suddenly  
see the back of a head -  
something with thick  
matted hair.

S of THE DOCTOR and  
ROMANA.

THE DOCTOR: (SOTTO VOCE) What d'you  
think is going on?

ROMANA: I don't know. At least  
we're still alive.

THE DOCTOR: You realise we're being  
followed of course?

ROMANA: What?

HUNTSMAN: No talking.

THE DOCTOR: Sorry, old chap. Nice  
place you've got here. Very green.

HUNTSMAN: Silence.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, sorry.

Several SHOTS of the party on a woodland trail. Much rustling in the undergrowth.

Partly seen figures - which suddenly erupt into violence.

A group of dirty, tattered BANDITS suddenly attack the party - swinging pick handles and shovels.

THE GUARDS defend themselves. THE DOCTOR K.O's the BANDIT who attacked him - by swinging his yoke around like a club.

THE ATTACKERS are going as suddenly as they appeared.

THE DOCTOR: (TO KARELA) Who were they?

KARELA: Bandits. These hills are full of them. No travellers are safe ... Unless you want to get your throat cut you better keep up with us.

THE DOCTOR: (HE LOOKS ROUND) Where Romana?

HUNTSMAN: Captured ... Shall we go after the girl, Madam? The Wolf Weeds can follow the tracks.

KARELA: And lead us into another ambush? No, Huntsman.

THE DOCTOR: But what about Romana?

KARELA: Pray that they will her quickly ... Come on.

THE PARTY moves off again.

2. INT. BANDIT'S TENT.

(THERE IS A TENT  
IN THE BACKGROUND.  
A TARTAR - TYPE  
TENT, PERHAPS.

TORVIN, THE LEADER  
OF THE GANG, A  
GAGIN-TYPE CHARACTER,  
IS PORING OVER HIS  
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS -  
A BARROW OR TRAY OF  
RUSTY NAILS, ETC.  
TORVIN ALWAYS CARRIES  
WITH HIM AND  
EMPTY SACK.

HE HOLDS UP ONE  
ALMOST BRIGHT SCREW  
OR NAIL)

TORVIN: Look at that - pure  
bronze. beautiful. Beautiful.

(HE PICKS OUT A  
PAN OR CUP OR  
SOME PIECE OF  
TURNED METAL)

Lovely. Exquistite. Such shape.  
such form, such delightfully high  
metal content. (cont...)

(EDU, AINU AND  
MOA ENTER CARRYING  
SACKS, OR PUSHING  
BARROWS, PILED  
WITH BITS OF METAL.

THEY ALSO HAVE  
ROMANA.

THE BANDITS ARE A  
FIERCE LOT -  
SCARRED WITH LIMBS  
MISSING)

TORVIN: (cont) Got anything, my  
lovely boys? What have you  
brought old Torvin, eh?

EDU: (PUSHING ROMANA FORWARD) Her.

TORVIN: Her? What use is she?  
She isn't metal is she?

EDU: She's one of Adrasta's ladies  
- in - waiting ... (AS TORVIN  
SEEMS UNIMPRESSED) She has to  
be. Look at her clothes.

TORVIN: What do her clothes matter  
to me? Cloth is easy enough to  
come by. Any metal on her?

AINU: (INSPECTING ROMANA) No.

TORVIN: Kill er then. We've  
enough mouths to feed.

EDU: Maybe we could ransom her.

TORVIN: Ransom? Use your  
braines Edu. If she's one of  
Adrasta's ladies-in-waiting.  
Adrasta'll hunt us down. Kill  
her.

EDU: She could be valuable.

TORVIN: (CONTEMPTUOUSLY) Valuable?  
She's not valuable, unless she's  
got a metal leg or something.



- 20 -

AINU: I say we don't kill her  
unless we vote on it.

EDU: (TO TORVIN) He's right.  
You're not leader.

TORVIN: No, no, lovely boy.  
Of course you must vote.  
So vote. I'm all for democracy.

(REACTION ROMANA)

- 20 -

3. INT. ANTE ROOM OR CORRIDOR OUTSIDE  
ALRASTA'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER. DAY.

(MADAM KARELA, ENTERS  
WITH THE DOCTOR,  
STILL IN HIS  
YOKE, AND THE GUARDS)

KAREA: Wait here.

THE DOCTOR: Well, if you insist,  
Madam.

(SHE GOES INTO THE  
AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

THE DOCTOR SMILES  
CHEERFULLY TO HIS  
GUARDS, WHISTLES  
TO HIMSELF.

THE DOCTOR, IN HIS  
YOKE, TRIES TO SCRATCH  
THE NOSE -  
UNSUCCESSFULLY.

HE TURNS TO ONE  
SOLDIER(3)

Do you mind?

(THE SOLDIER LOOKS  
AT HIM)

Scratching my nose. Terrible itch.  
(cont...)

(THE SOLDIER  
SCRATCHES HIS OWN  
NOSE WHILST  
HE'S THINKING ABOUT  
THIS)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) No, not your  
nose, my nose. Tell you what,  
just put your arm up.

(THE GUARD PUZZLED,  
PUTS HIS ARM UP)

Now, if you come closer you see I  
can just rub my nose on it. Simple.

(THE GUARD LOOKS CONFUSED  
AND LOOKS TO THE  
OTHER GUARD FOR HELP.

THEYBOTH LOOK AT  
EACH OTHER AND THEN  
MOVE IN TOWARDS  
THE DOCTOR.

THE DOCTOR GIVES  
A HUGE SNEEZE AND IN  
DOING SO TWISTS  
HIS SHOULDERS FIERCELY --  
CATCHING BOTH SOLDIERS  
WITH THE ENDS OF HIS  
YOKE. BOTH MEN  
GO DOWN AS IF POLE-AXED)

Sorry, fellows. You know what it's  
like when you've got an itch ...

(THE DOCTOR TURNS  
TO RUN)

WOMAN'S VOICE: (ADRASTA) Doctor?  
Do let me take that thing off.  
Must be frightfully uncomfortable  
for you.

(HE TURNS TO SEE AN  
ELEGANT BUT  
FORMIDABLE WOMAN  
IN HER LATE 30s  
TO EARLY 40s.

BESIDE HER STANDS  
MADAM KARELA)

THE DOCTOR: Well, it is a bit - er -  
incommodious.

(ADRASTA RELEASES  
THE DOCTOR'S WRISTS)

ADRASTA: (GLANCING DOWN AT THE  
SOLDIERS). It doesn't seem to have  
incommoded you too much, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, well you might  
say the yoke's on them ...

(HE TOSSES THE YOKE  
ONTO THE RECUMBENT  
GUARDS)

... if you were the sort of person  
who said that sort of thing.  
Luckily, I'm not. You would be the  
lady Adrasta of course.

ADRASTA: And you're the fellow who  
was found at the Place of Death.

THE DOCTOR: Ah yes, do you know I  
found out something fascinating  
about the origin of that name?

ADRASTA: Anyone found there is put  
to death.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, you knew. Don't you think someone should put up a notice?

(ADRASTA LEADS HIM  
INTO THE AUDIENCE  
CHAMBER)

ADRASTA: What did you make of the object? Some of the finest brains on Chloris have devoted years to trying to unravel the problem.

THE DOCTOR: What object? Oh, you mean the egg.

ADRASTA: Egg? Are you sure? Have you ever seen anything like it before?

THE DOCTOR: Well, no, actually. But I do have a few theories.

ADRASTA: What kind of creature laid it?

THE DOCTOR: Look, I'm sorry - I'd like to chat but I'm afraid at the moment I'm more concerned about Romana.

ADRASTA: Ah, yes. Madam Karela told me - your Commander.

THE DOCTOR: (LADY BRACKNELLISH)  
Commander? Could we scratch that one please? If she's a Commander, I'm an Arcturan belly dancer.

(BY THIS TIME THEY  
HAVE ENTERED THE  
AUDIENCE CHAMBER)

4. INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

(THE CHAMBER IS  
NOT PARTICULARLY  
LARGE. A LARGE  
TABLE, AN IMPRESSIVE  
WOODEN CHAIR, ALMOST  
THRONE-LIKE, AND  
A LARGE FIRE.)

MADAM KARELA IS  
STANDING BY THE  
FIRE)

ADRASTA: Yes, I couldn't see a man  
of your obvious talents in a subordi-  
nate position.

THE DOCTOR: That's very kind of you.

ADRASTA: I'll send a troop of  
guards to find her ... (TO KARELA)  
... See to it.

KARELA: Immediately, my lady.

ADRASTA: Don't worry, Doctor. My  
Wolf Weeds will hunt down those  
animals that took Romana.

(KARELA EXITS)

THE DOCTOR: What will they do to her?

ADRASTA: Kill her quickly - if she's  
lucky.

THE DOCTOR: And if she's not?

ADRASTA: Slowly.

5. INT. CAVE. A/B.

(TORVIN, AINU,  
EDU AND OTHER  
BANDITS)

TORVIN: (FRIENDLY) Everyone voted?  
We're agreed then? Good, my lovely  
boys. Good. Kill her.

AINU: What will killing her achieve?

ROMANA: Go ahead.

(THE OTHERS TURN  
TO HER)

EDU: What did you say?

ROMANA: I said, go ahead and kill me  
Commit suicide. Listen to that  
nasty, hirsute little moron.

TORVIN: Who are you calling hirsute?

ROMANA: You. Do you want to make  
something of it?

TORVIN: No, I want to know what it  
means?

ROMANA: It means hairy.

EDU: What do you mean my lady ?



ROMANA: I would have thought that was obvious. Hairy, covered with hair ...

EDU: No, what did you mean when you said we were committing suicide?

ROMANA: Well, if this Lady Adrasta whoever she is is going to hunt you down for kidnapping me, what do you think she will do if she finds you've killed me?

EDU: (TO TORVIN) She's right.

AINU: (TO ROMANA) What do you mean - whoever Lady Adrasta might be? Aren't you her Lady - in waiting?

ROMANA: No.

AINU: Then who are you, my lady?

ROMANA: That's the first intelligent question I've been asked since you dragged me off that thing I was riding. I am a Time Lord. I am a traveller. I am not used to being assaulted by a collection of grubby, hairy little men.

TORVIN: Kill her.

(HE SEIZES HIS  
CLUB AND COMES AT  
ROMANA WHO  
ANGRILY STANDS HER  
GROUND)

ROMANA: Sit down, you pathetic apology for a boot brush. Sit down!

(EDU GRABS TORVIN)

TORVIN: She's no call to get personal

ROMANA: Sit down ...

TORVIN: Don't listen to her. She's trying to trick you!

(EDU AND AINU AND  
THE OTHERS SIT.

TORVIN REMAINS  
STANDING)

ROMANA: Sit! ... (FINALLY TORVIN  
SITS) That's better ... Now, let's  
discuss this sensibly.

(SHE TAKES OUT  
THE WHISTLE, PUTS IT  
TO HER LIPS, BUT  
TORVIN SNATCHES IT  
FROM HER BEFORE SHE  
CAN BLOW IT)

TORVIN: (HOLDING WHISTLE) What's  
this?

ROMANA: See for yourself.

(TORVIN EXAMINES  
THE WHISTLE)

TORVIN: (EXCITEDLY) You know what  
this is?

AINU: What?

TORVIN: This is a piece of metal!

ROMANA: So what? It's just a ...

(AINU TAKES IT  
FROM HIM)

AINU: It's a whistle!

(TORVIN GRABS IT  
BACK)

TORVIN: A whistle? She's been  
signalling with it!

ROMANA: Signalling? Look at it. Try  
it. How could I signal with that?

(TORVIN PUTS THE  
WHISTLE TO HIS  
LIPS AND BLOWS  
EXPERIMENTALLY)

Well? Can you hear anything?

(TORVIN BLOWS  
THE WHISTLE HARD)

TORVIN: No.

6. INT. TARDIS.

(K9 IS AT REST,  
SUDDENLY HE IS  
ALERTED)

K9: Coming, mistress.

(HE EXITS FROM  
THE TARDIS)

7. INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ADRASTA.

THE DOCTOR IS  
EXAMINING A LARGE,  
SHIELD LIKE OBJECT  
HANGING ON THE  
WALL)

ADRASTA: Doctor, you said you had  
some theories about this egg shell.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... What's this?

ADRASTA: Later, Doctor ... About the  
egg shell?

THE DOCTOR: Extraordinary structure.  
How long's it been there?

ADRASTA: We discovered it about  
fifteen years ago. My huntsmen heard  
you say that the shell was alive.

THE DOCTOR: Alive? It's screaming  
in pain!

ADRASTA: The shell? Then why can no  
one hear it?

THE DOCTOR: Because it's only  
detectable on very low frequency wave  
lengths. (Cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR RETURNS  
TO THE SHIELD LIKE  
OBJECT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Looks like a  
shield of some sort.

ADRASTA: What's the shell screaming  
about?

THE DOCTOR: More to the point,  
who's it screaming for? It's Mummy?  
Then just think of the size of  
Mummy.

(ADRASTA GOES TO  
A LARGE WALL  
HANGING AND  
DRAWS IT ASIDE.

THE HANGING COVERS  
A SMALL DOORWAY.  
STANDING THERE ARE  
TWO MEN IN LONG  
BLACK ROBES)

ADRASTA: (TO THE MEN) You heard?

TOLLUND: Yes, my Lady.

THE DOCTOR: Who are these - the undertakers?

ADRASTA: Engineers Doran and Tollund.

TOLLUND: Our task is to discover the function of the object that you mistakenly called an egg shell.

THE DOCTOR: What do you call it then?

TOLLUND: Engineer Doran has proved conclusively, in his latest paper on the subject, that it is part of an ancient building, perhaps a temple.

THE DOCTOR: (INCREDULOUS) A temple?

ADRASTA: You're not convinced, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Convinced? Never heard such poppycock.

ADRASTA: You still believe it's a shell?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, of some sort.

TOLLUND: I myself have calculated that a bird large enough to lay that egg would have to have a wing span of at least a mile. Do you know many birds that large?

THE DOCTOR: No, but it isn't only birds that lay eggs. Fish do as well you know.

TOLLUND: Big fish.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, very big. Or a big reptile, - perhaps ...

TOLLUND: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: A gigantic frog!

DORAN: Doctor, how do you account for the marks of intense heat on the exterior of the shell?

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps someone tried to fry the egg.

DORAN: (TO ADRASTA) My lady, this man is being facetious!

THE DOCTOR: He's right you know.

ADRASTA: (TO DORAN) Doran, I saw no mention in your paper that the shell was alive.

DORAN: But it can't be, my Lady. It's impossible. We detected nothing.

ADRASTA: (OMINOUSLY) But this man did.

DORAN: He is mistaken.



THE DOCTOR: (MODESTLY) Well, I had a couple of little gadgets that he probably didn't - like an open mind.

ADRASTA: You have failed me, Engineer Doran.

(ADRASTA RINGS  
A BELL.

SEVERAL GUARDS  
ENTER IMMEDIATELY)

DORAN: (TERRIFIED) My Lady, I beg you -

ADRASTA: (TO GUARDS) Take him ...

(THE GUARDS  
TAKE HOLD OF  
DORAN AND DRAG  
HIM AWAY)

THE DOCTOR: What will happen to him?

ADRASTA: Come and see. Perhaps you'll find it instructive.

THE DOCTOR: Nothing unpleasant I hope.

ADRASTA: Doctor, you know a lot more about that shell than you're prepared to say ... Perhaps you need a little demonstration to make you more co-operative ... (TO GUARD) ... Bring him.

(ADRASTA SWEEPS  
OUT.

- 37 -

THE GUARDS  
GRAB THE DOCTOR  
AND FORCE HIM TO  
FOLLOW)

THE DOCTOR: One day I'll meet a  
well mannered guard.

- 37 -

8. INT. BANDIT'S TENT.

(ROMANA AND  
THE BANDITS)

ROMANA: Well, I feel I must be quite frank with you -as bandits you're a pretty duff bunch.

TORVIN: (TO THE OTHERS) Hear that, boys. We don't impress the lady.

ROMANA: I'm afraid not ... (RISING)  
... Well, I'm sorry, but I really must be going.

TORVIN: Going? What makes you think you'll ever get out of here alive?

ROMANA: (POINTING) My friend.

(WE SEE K9 APPEAR  
OUT OF THE  
UNDERGROWTH)

TORVIN: What's that?

ROMANA: A dog.

EDU: He's made of metal.

TORVIN: Metal! He must be worth a fortune.

ROMANA: (TO K9) Have you located the Doctor, K9?

K9: Yes, Mistress.

ROMANA: Good ... (TO BANDITS) ... Well, I'm going now, gentlemen. I do hope we don't meet again. I can't honestly say it's been a pleasure. Good day.

TORVIN: Leave your dog behind.

ROMANA: Certainly not.

TORVIN: (PICKING UP A CLUB) Then you don't leave.

ROMANA: K9.

(K9 STUNS TORVIN  
WITH HIS RAY)

(TO BANDITS) It's all right - he's not dead. He'll come to in a minute - with a very sore head - but I expect you're used to that.

(SHE AND K9  
EXEUNT)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Platform or  
Terrace Overlooking  
the Pit. Day.

ADRASTA enters,  
followed by GUARDS.

THE DOCTOR and  
THE ENGINEER,  
DORAN'S wrists are  
tied behind him.

A large horn or  
gong hangs on a  
column at the edge  
of the pit.

THE DOCTOR: (LOOKING DOWN) What's  
this?

ADRASTA: We call it the Pit.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, you have such a  
way with words.

ADRASTA motions  
to one of the GUARDS  
to blow the horn or  
strike the gong. He  
does so.

Another GUARD  
starts to put  
ENGINEER DORAN in  
a sling or  
hoist.

There is a curious  
sound from the pit  
in reply.

DORAN: No ... No ... Please ...  
I beg you.

But the GUARD  
gags him.

THE DOCTOR: (TO ADRASTA) Look, I don't know what you're planning to do with Engineer Doran. But I suggest you think again. He may be a bit of an idiot, but at least he's a conscientious idiot ... Even bad engineers are hard to come by this side of the galaxy.

The GUARD blows  
or strikes again.  
There is an answer  
from the pit.

Closer this time.

THE DOCTOR: What is that?

We see the hapless  
ENGINEER being  
hurled into the pit.

We hear the noise  
again - louder  
than ever.

Ext. The Bottom of  
the Pit. Day.

We see the ENGINEER  
reach the floor of  
the pit. Several  
caves or mine shaft  
entrances can be  
seen.

The ENGINEER huddles  
against the wall.  
He manages to get  
his gag off and  
struggles to free  
his hands.

We hear the sound  
of something huge  
and heavy moving  
closer.

The ENGINEER reacts  
in stark horror.

DORAN: No ... No ... No.

We see something  
huge and shapeless,  
emerge from one  
of the caves. It  
oozes towards DORAN.

Ext. The Platform. Day.

THE DOCTOR, ADRASTA  
and the OTHERS  
are looking.

THE DOCTOR: What is it?

From the pit we  
hear DORAN scream -  
a scream that is  
suddenly cut short.

ADRASTA: Now, Doctor, are you  
prepared to be co-operative?

ROMANA with K9  
appears on the platform  
behind ADRASTA and  
the OTHERS.

ROMANA: Doctor -

THE DOCTOR: Romana, get back!

ROMANA: It's all right - I've got K9.

ADRASTA: (TO THE GUARDS) Seize her!

One of the GUARDS  
moves towards ROMANA.

ROMANA: K9!

K9 fells the GUARD  
with his ray.

ADRASTA: (TO THE WOLF WEEDS)  
Attack! Attack!

K9 sets fire to  
one of the weeds with  
his ray - but the  
others are on him.

K9 disappears beneath  
a pile of weeds. There  
is some threshing  
about. Then silence.  
No movement.  
Unnoticed by the  
others. THE DOCTOR  
has a quick glance  
down the pit.

ROMANA: K9 ... K9 ...

ADRASTA: He's dead. Paralysed.

ROMANA: K9 ... K9 ...

ADRASTA: You must be Romana ...  
Well, Doctor, now I have you both.  
Now you're bound to be co-operative.



- 44 -

THE DOCTOR: Otherwise you throw  
me down the Pit?

ADRASTA: Exactly.

THE DOCTOR moves  
to the edge of  
the platform -  
and jumps into the  
pit.

END TELECINE 4.

FADE OUT.

- 44 -